





Newport September the 2 1778

once more my dear Mr Almy - I am premilled  
to write you - great has been your Disappointment  
and great has been my sorrow - grievous to bear  
because it came from my friends - but I beg not to  
dispute at so great a distance - by your desire  
and my own Inclinations - I am to give you an  
Account of what Pass'd during the Siege - but first  
Let me tell you it will be don with Spirit - for my  
Distlike to the Nation that you call your friends -  
Same as when you knew me - knowing there is no  
Confidence to be Place in them - and I foresee the  
the whole will End as this Manuvers did in taking  
this Island - to the discredit of the Americans -  
You will not be surprize at my warmth - when you re-  
find how I suffered - nor wonder at my freedom w<sup>th</sup>  
you find this Cons Seal - and wrote for your Perus-  
Alone - now to be brief - the 29 of July at nine  
in the morning of a wednesday - a Signal was ma-  
for a fleet in sight - at ten Clock was discovered  
the Number to be Eleven large Ships - a fine Breeze  
wind and very fair - each spoke as they wick it must  
have been for you



be Lord Howe - one half hour more through us in  
the greatest Consternation - the word ~~went~~ through  
the streets its a french fleet - all was Confusion in  
a moment no time for Preparation - a lively Emblem  
of the poor Soul that is call out of the world of a sudden  
and the great work he came to do - was not begun -  
and our Fortifications to keep off Shipping - was to have  
been put in readiness this week - the merchant look  
upon his full store as nothing worth - the Shopkeepers  
with a distressed Countenance lock and barr the Shop  
not knowing what was for the best - at 11 Clock  
they all drop Anchor off Brinton Neck - and was <sup>supposed</sup>  
were to wait till the People of your Side of the  
water were ready to Attack the lower part of the  
Islands - heavens with what Spirit the Army undert<sup>er</sup>  
old Batterys - with what amazing quickness did  
they throw up new ones - the night did not retard  
earnest was they to give the Count a proper  
reception - with a distressed heart - I Endeavour to  
comfort my poor Children to get them to sleep -  
that they would not come in till morning - and  
then began to secure my Papers and Plate in the <sup>and</sup> ground



which I effected by 2 Clock and then lay down to Contrive  
but melted to take the next day - - Thursday 30  
nothing remarkable happen during the day the fleet all  
Anchor an amazing Preparation on all the hills - the  
movements almost tore up with the swiftness of the light  
horse that brought the momentary Intelligence - Every  
person that loved news this was his day - as every  
ear was open to the Marvellous that when night came  
my heart ached with the many falsehood that my ear  
had paid attention to the day long - the fault of the sea  
General - repent when its too late - Friday 31

My day light up - and upon the house a thick fog prevent  
our sight - all in terror till it clear at 8 when we  
receive the Kingfisher at Coddingtons Cove - the 2 Gallies  
be on fire - then new agitations took fast hold of us  
sembling crying - hiding to take the true comfort of  
trouble that had no remedy - at 10 clock the fog being  
quite gone two large ships of the line was discovered  
in Coconnet Passage which was the cause of our ships  
firing fire to them silent and seeing all the people ashore

Saturday August 1  
the fleet in motion every thing in consternation the Inhab  
each distress the Gallies all spirited all warlike Preparations  
the streets filled with carts and ordnance stores - you



Every busy soul harnessing tackling and loading with comb  
maller to supply every deficiency that there former Neglig  
had made necessary and by night they were so ready -  
that the fool hardy Part of would wish for nothing more than  
a movement of <sup>the</sup> French fleet in to the harbour - but  
lay down earnestly Praying they would never come no more

Sunday 2

The morning fine and clear up on the house when the sun  
Arose - and found the Park Juno - Orpheus - Cerberus -  
Frigates all coming down the river - then new Perplexi  
Arose new fears stared us in the face - till we were  
informed - that three large <sup>French</sup> ships of the line had gone  
up Conanticut Passage - and as they was not strongh to  
to cope with them took advantage of the dawning day  
and a fine breeze to run from them - who if they had  
been half there strength would never have let them sold  
in American there coasted tale - of <sup>Brillish</sup> 4 Frigates running  
from there stations - at sight of Cloen sail of the line  
my heart bounded with fright - and then would recover  
with anger and disdain - a most excellent remedy for  
Women indeed by turns it was the saving my life -  
The day past on with stillness - Every person conjectured  
the meaning the ships going up the river was to cover  
landing the troops which we could see had gathered



Monday August the 3

Early was the sound of joy Proclaim - a small Boat  
Came Express from New York - as soon as she was seen  
Every ship in the French fleet had the honour of giving  
her a Salute - a bold daring Brillian had the Command  
he ran her up on the Setonwest beach all lay flat  
at the Bottom of the Boat - and never a man was hurt  
all in high Spirits Lord Howe hourly expected with great  
force - all the Frigates order to there old Stations - to be made  
a Sacrifice I am affraid - the whole Town in some great  
<sup>confusion</sup> not knowing what they would be at - some moving their  
Goods out to the Town the officers all bringing there  
Baggage in the Town - Constant Fatigues the man  
and horse and even no rest by day or by night - -  
Still Entrenching - weariness and Painfull watching the  
Portion of the thinking Person - the Tedious day gave way  
for the more Tedious night - Every man order to be in readi<sup>ness</sup>  
the troops were landing at Howlands ferry - oh what a scene  
when I look over the list of my friends on both sides the  
question - my heart shudders at the thought - what numbers  
must be slain - both so obstinate so determin - Well may  
we say what havoc does Ambition make - Cursed French  
man they would not have com had it not been for you



Finca C. A. P. A. P. A.

in the Tuesday 4 of August

in the  
morning all a Perfect Calm - the french ships before  
harbour the french ships up the river all riding  
it out with Conclours flying - Insolence however know  
before for them to reign Lord of the Sea - what a shock  
Aggravation to hundreds in this Garrison - But Every thing  
waits the coming of Lord Howe - an order given out the  
day from the Agent to have all the Transports range  
in the harbour after unloading them with all prepared  
ready for sinking them the moment they discover the  
fleet in motion - The night coming on the Expects  
was order by the Commodore to take the Advantage  
of the night and go to new york with dispatches fired off  
my self I have said in <sup>my</sup> "wrath" if live till morning to take  
A Part of Churches house in the Neck for my mother  
Children to take of Part of the heavy Burden that is upon  
me

Wednesday 5.

At the first news in the morning - the three large French ships  
up the river made sail - the others at the mouth of the harbor  
made signals of unmooring which through the Frigates in  
Confusion - they ran as near the land as possible and took  
to their boats first being fire to their ships - and they  
blew up immediately - without saving themselves or ships.



at night they orderd all the Sailors in to Town - if possi<sup>a</sup>  
to keep some order with them - never was there a more  
curious sight in spite of my self - who in the morning  
was all most distracted with Apprehension of every kind  
at this sight Laugh most immoderate Every Sailor  
was Equib with a musket that could git one -  
he that could not - had a billet of wood an old broom  
or any Club they could find - they all took care to save  
a Bottle of Spirits which they call kill Greif -  
Some Fiddling some playing on Iron harps all in high spirit  
tho they had not saved a second shirt - Daming a  
there Eyes they had Fun John French man - By dark  
the Bottles were exhausted - and they so unruly - that  
were oblige to be safely house that night

Thursday 6

Exceeding foggy morning all terrified with the Apprehen<sup>sion</sup>  
that when the weather cleared our destiny would be  
known - all the Shops still kept shut - no business of  
any kind don only Carting and fortifying - the sound  
of a Cannon most distressing to women and children  
and order given out to drive all the stock within the  
lines - the wretched Inhabitants how are they hurt by  
every Party my heart akes for the worthy ones -



Friday 7

morning a solemn Silence reigned - no one could tell  
you any news - the fog was very thick the people were  
fired out - the feelings of body and mind with a thousand  
perplexities that attends such an uncommon case made  
them ready to meet their fate let it be for life or death  
as all the Infernal Combination has in these latter  
days been left for Saturday night so we began to  
think to morrow night would be the very crisis - and  
~~suppose~~ early to bed to be able to stand the shock -  
but at 8 o'clock in came some of my distressed relation  
in to town to get Assistance to move their Furniture  
in side the Town as the order is given to burn all  
the houses and every building within 3 miles of the  
Town - the moment they see any force landing - to prevent  
them making barracks of them - unhappy victims  
they know not what to do - to come in the Town they  
are undone to back they are entirely ruin if they stay  
heavens what a scene of Wretchedness before this  
once happy and flourishing Island - Cursed ought  
and will be the man who brought all this war  
and Dissolution on a good people - neither sleep  
in my Eyes nor slumber to my Eye lids this night



but judge you what Preparation could I make -  
and I been Endow'd with as much Presence of mind as Ever  
a man was - 6 Children hanging round me - the little  
girls Crying out mamma will they Kill us - the boys  
endeavour to put on an air of manliness and strove to  
assist - but step up to <sup>the in a whisper</sup> girls - who do you think will  
protect you - and your Pappa coming with them -  
indeed this cut me to the soul - after three years a  
Wanderer and could not meet a Wellcom - but  
was rous'd from my Stupidity - by a violent firing  
call out my Children run - we Sally forth in the  
street - there was a scene - men Women and Children  
in as great a Consternation as my self - which  
right brought me to my self - I directly order my little  
ones to make the best of there way along Back a large  
bundle while I step in to know what my mother would  
do - She told me to follow my Children that Peter Carr  
and Sukey would lead her along - I then ran with  
great violence as a creature could till I over took  
them - By this time the Ships fire continually - the  
man shrieking the Children falling Down crying -  
merciful heaven it will Ever be in my remembrance



I told you before I had taken part of Churches house -  
and we was making the best of our way there -  
Every body told us we were wrong - but I thought it  
best to go where we had beds and provision <sup>was</sup> prepared  
But as the ships came round the Point we had Ever  
shot whistling over our heads - and we pass two Boats  
that was more dangerous - the boys had Billy in the  
arms the others had such heavy bundles my heart ached  
for them - I seldom spoke unless to Encourage or  
Scold them according as I saw it most necessary  
till the largest ship came round - and gave such a  
Broad side - I really thought would have sent us all  
to Another world <sup>there</sup> we all lay flat in the hollow just  
before <sup>we came to</sup> Tommy Coggeshall - till that ship pass -  
and then jump up and run again - - Coen Coggeshall  
seeing our movements for a long way - ventured  
to come to our Assistance - being firm in the faith  
that Every shot has it Direction from the Almighty  
I am all most of his opinion - for if the Devil  
had the ordering of the shot as he had of sending  
them here - there would not have been a soul left to tell  
Tale



Saturday August the 8<sup>th</sup> 1778

Long before the appearance of day was I in  
readiness to rise nothing but frightfull dreams  
and broken slumbers - listening to the noise of a fly  
or musketeer as they <sup>humd</sup> round the candle in this horrid way  
did I spend the night - the morning gun of the  
French Admiral had like to have frighted me to death  
the first news that <sup>was</sup> told - was twenty thousand men at  
landed with out Interruption - the Kings troops all  
order within the Loynes and leave the lower part of  
the Island - about 12 clock they set the Building off fire  
which to me ever will appear like cruelty and  
Wantonness as it answers no end - we Endeavour to  
have dinner as soon as possible ~~that we~~ knowing  
that every Calamity can be easier borne with - that <sup>is</sup> on  
a full Stomach - at one o'clock Signals for unmooring  
through out the French fleet - a brisk Gale blew and  
intirely fair - one hour the longest time that could be thought  
then we should all be Prisoners - Heavens what distress - what  
Consternation seize me - where to fly for shelter - the Vellers  
was determin - on - then should they burn the Town - oh I dur  
not Attempt it - while I was pausing - I was preparing



he kindly shelter us under his large rock - where all  
his family had fled for safety - then that precious  
comforter to the Female race came to my relief -  
a silent shower of Tears behind the hay stack -  
for my poor friends in Town - who never was in half  
the danger as my self - and Coren Cherry run being  
brought I grew more and more enabled to bear my  
sorrows - in a few minutes a chaise brought my  
mother sister and Sahey - they took the care of all  
the brood and proceeded to the house I had taken -  
this charge being of me - I became my self - the  
ships had all gone by the Gallies with out silencing  
one - and drop Anchor at the north End of Conanick  
then came on a most horrible sight - all the ships  
that was not sunk was set fire to - and the wind  
being high the Town was in the greatest danger  
I then set out with as much celerity for home  
as I had left it - and got safe to my own house  
Fatigued and tired beyond all conceptions - to attempt  
to describe the horrors of that night would prove  
me a fool - for no language could put it in it properly



Billows fire and sword was amongst us - and  
Famine was not afar off - for the want of bread was  
great About 12 at night the fire was deaden - all was  
still - only the Centries answering the few vessel that was  
left they in turn to the guard boats - all well  
as to me from a large Family reduce to nothing  
all the Gentlemen took refuge under cover of the  
troops Gen in New York - Jacob at Long Island Gilling Wood  
my Children in the Neck - what an agony was I  
in when I had time to recollect my scattered thoughts  
heaven that ever has been kind to me sent the Capt  
of the Transports to see me - they pitied Sympathize  
with me - and sent me 2 trusty valuable Sailors  
for my safe Guards - whose kind Care I hope I never  
shall forget - the night was spent in watching the fire  
and at day lay down to recruit my wore out feet and  
indeed my whole frame - Thus ended the tedious Saturday  
Sunday 9

Early in the morning our Gentlemen came home to know  
how it had been with us - my trusty Carefull William  
brought us all the news - took Care of the Cons - and  
Boys - Brought and Carried messages to the Children



Who he was very fond of a long time before - he was  
very unhappy ~~the~~ could not make me believe that  
we should never fall a sacrifice to a french man  
and all his storys savoured much of the strength of  
the Lyons that it was impossible for the American  
to force them - At ten Clock he came to tell me  
A fleet in sight - it must be Lord Howe - a strong  
revolution such a turn in Affairs in a few hours  
The officers of the Navy who a few hours before Look  
Disconsolate and wretched - now mounted any horse  
they could catch and rid with all speed to see them  
ships that three days sooner would have saved them  
The officers of the Army that could be spared from  
duty a quarter of an hour - came with great  
speed to say to their friends - Lord Howe is Com  
nothing Transpired more during the day - only great  
numbers went aboard - Every soul in high spirits  
The Sailors joy was so great - as to hear all there  
kents and Play fury with every thing in there reach  
Towards Evening they carried great numbers of  
Sailors to man the fleet - ~~up~~ now what they intend



various Conjectures Every Body here Politician - forming  
Planing Schemes for Lord Howe to make this knughty  
French Count repent his having joyn the Subject to rebel  
Against the true and Lawfull Sovereign - Night came  
we went quietly to bed - and slept like Toms

~~Monday~~ Monday 16

All hand up early great Expectation from this Day  
About Eight Clock the french Fleet all drew up  
in a Line ~~of~~ of battle - Lord Howe every Preparation  
for Unmooring - the hours then seem to Creep - so Anxious  
were we for relation at nine Clock the English  
Fleet were seen to stand out it surpris us - But  
still it was thought it was only done to have Sea  
Room enough - what Count Estang thought heavens  
know - For his haste was great - he cut all his  
Cables - and Com firing through the Harbour as if  
the very Devil was in him - and our Gallies return  
his favours with a vengeance - the half the Town  
went in the Night to see a grand Sea fight  
But return Exceedingly disappointed in a few hours  
then it was told Lord Howe's Strength was not suffici<sup>nt</sup>  
to cope with Buckle's Fleet - But at



11

at night no appearance of either the fleets - but happy  
were we to get clear of monsieur - for my part I had  
grown so bold as not to quit my house the second  
firing - for my young men had insisted on my  
going down cellar - that I should be very safe - and  
I was so, exceeding same occasion by my Saturday  
flight - that to have gained a kingdom I could not  
have run half the distance - and the great and heavy  
burden of a troop of children being taken off -  
I contented my self down cellar behind an ash  
Hoggett - till the heaviest firing was over  
but what was very remarkable - all the hundreds of  
shot came in the Town - not a soul kill or wound

Tuesday the 11 of August

morning a violent storm came on before day and  
continued - thundering Lightning most terrible at  
the day the wind blew a perfect Hurricane and  
never wind harder since the flood - <sup>the</sup> tents were all  
blown to pieces - the Soldiers and Sailors were all like  
drowned rats - order in to Town to recruit a Rifle  
A few in a party and to be ready in a moment  
I order a good fire in the kitchen and some things



Tuesday the 11 August Call the  
Continental Storm

good to eat and drink - to comfort the poor souls  
that had comforted me formerly with their Cack  
in the Shop - after a world of Thanks a many Blessings  
they went to take the remainder of the storm  
night came on we repair for bed not Affraid  
of any movements that night

Wednesday 12

Storm still continues and with as much violence  
as tho it had just begun - my Children still in  
the Neck - the Town really looks melancholly - no  
business going forward - all the Shops still kept  
shut nothing to be seen in the Streets but Carts  
and horses and some old worn out Drivers - who  
care not who was King - or who re~~bell~~ - against him  
it was enough for them to know if somebody did not  
conquer soon them and their horses must soon die - and as  
the men were heads of Large Families - so the horses were  
of Equal Consequence - there ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> labour was to support  
the whole - and let who would reign there ~~there~~ <sup>Rejoice</sup> must  
be paid for - indeed the man and the Brute both  
claim our Pity - the night looks gloomly very Dark



Thursday 13

The rain a litle subrided - the fog intirely clear away  
which we soon discover your People had Entrench themselves  
rough nearer a vast number of People at work - the Town  
much distressed for bread - but rice being plenty nobody could  
suffer - great looking out for one fleet or the other  
I alltho I am brought as low as death - believe me my  
Mr Almy I am not like the Driver I mention yesterday  
who if he could but be quiet cared not who govern  
I am for English Government and an English Fleet  
I care not who takes the french men.

Friday 14

morning three Prisoners taken - all Gentlemen Volenteers  
from Hampshire - who were reconitred the ground & unlikely  
for them too near the Loys - - Carried to the Provost  
but treated well - the Day was fine and Clear Exceeding  
hot nothing remarkable happen the Prisoners Afforded  
Conversation for the Day - as human nature is ever  
pleased with every thing that happens a litle marvelous  
no hydings of the fleet - no business going Forward  
my mother and Children still in the sick - and there intent  
to keep them till things are altered - Tediums Days  
Melancholly nights - I wonder what keeps me Alive



Saturday morning

15

Early Awake but all <sup>things</sup> look quiet - Scarcely a Soul  
to be seen from one end of the Street to the other  
and when chance or Inclination brought any of  
my friends - the Anxious look the Distress -  
Countenances the melancholy tale which every  
Poor Soul had to tell - made me more unhappy  
than when I sat brooding over my own Peculiar  
Situation - for I will Acknowledge - that some  
times I saw a gleam of Comfort - speaking in  
the still small voice - you - will once more be  
happy - then with what spirit would I go thro  
Soliques and Difficultys which at another time  
I should have look upon as an Impossibility  
and having the Gentillmen that boarded with me  
at home - I was as easy as a Person in my  
Situation could be - for indeed there never was less  
men than our roof covered - Mr Amory of Boston  
was one whose kindness I never must - nor shall  
forget - I am all most ashamed that I have not  
mentioned him before - in the many sheets this letter  
contains.



Sunday

no Church - no Appearance of the Day <sup>kept up</sup> - Still Carrying  
Still fortifying - your People Encroaching near -  
throwing up new works every night - our People  
Beholding it Every morning with wonder and Astonishment  
and really our Army my Curiosity <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ so great  
as to wish to behold - the entrenchment - that I  
suppose you was behind - - and a good young man  
by the name of Dockler - Hasilton took me in a  
Chaise to the Hospitable - which was formerly  
owned by Mr Cozens - there we had an excellent  
view of vasse orchard and all the Entrenchment  
around it - Believe me my dear friend - now  
was a poor Soul more to be pitied such different  
Agitations as by turns took hold upon me - -  
wishing most ardently to call home my wanderer  
at the same time fill with resentment against  
those he call his friends - So that I return home  
more distressed my spirit more sunk than when  
I went out great Enquiry made at my return  
to know the reason of my distressed Countenance  
but others who knew I had my share of Sensitibility



let me Enjoy my Sorrow that had no remedy  
all night came on I hid my self from the world

monday 17

nothing happen worth notice Every moment  
expecting the french fleet Every Body tired  
out with fatigues of every kind and the  
Apprehension of what was to come render us truly  
unhappy - about 12 they open a new Battery  
upon us and the day was spent in exchanging  
shots the Evening they entertain us with  
throwing shells - it would have been an  
agreeable sight - had we not been sure it  
meant to carry Death along with it  
I sat upon the top of the house till 12 <sup>my</sup> o'clock  
and admiring the wonderfull ~~and~~ contrivance  
of mankind - to destroy one another

Tuesday morning 18 <sup>ing</sup>  
Awake early the night one continually drew  
you over the subject - Some times you was  
before <sup>me</sup> all pleasantness - your Countenance  
like your self when Pleasure - then again



all was distress fighting firing and every hour  
that my heart foreboding when awake - oh that  
it was at an end that I knew the worst  
at 8 o'clock the word was - <sup>of the</sup> Golden Bruce with  
a Party had brought in the Picket Guard all  
South west Beach an Ensign a Sergeant and 12 men  
they was taken upon surprise - never was more  
respectable conduct than ~~the~~ showed - when he  
delivered up his prisoners to go to the Prison  
he very politely ask the young Ensign if  
he would accept of 10 Guineas as he supposed  
he had no money that would pass - oh Alas  
Alas - you must allow it was a noble deed  
that all prisoners treated like these - they  
would not be such a General murmuring - the  
day pass on with out any thing more which  
afforded conversation for the publick - they kept  
up an incessant firing from their Batterys  
the afternoon - the evening dull melancholly and  
all most alone - I soon went to bed to contem-  
p on what had pass the day -



Wednesday 19

Pillbed or no sleep - ~~gay~~ mind Exceedingly  
Agitated Distress for my friends - that I soon  
ought would be Prisoners - forming a thousand  
different Plans to Extricate them from there present  
unhappy Prospects but all in vain - the morning  
came and I had to drag on another day nothing  
remarkable happen during it - Every ones  
expectation high looking for the return of  
the french fleet with English Collours - which  
we imagin would soon procure us a happy  
and a lasting Peace Heavens with what joy  
would I receive the glad Tydings - what Welcome  
ten thousand Welcomes to <sup>the</sup> long ~~and~~ wanderers  
Parents receiving there Children from Southdon  
Prisons - wives there long banish Partners  
from all they hold dear - Brothers and Sisters  
kindly meeting - after a tedious Absence -  
the Day of which must remind us of the  
joy of heaven



Thursday the 20

Early up my family small - the Children  
'Still in the neck - my Carefull William -  
'Seeking Every little Peice of Intelligence to  
raise my deprest spirits - about 7 Clock came  
to tell me a fleet in sight - and he hoped for  
Flam had given them a quieting dose - but  
my heart foreboded som thing worse - all the  
horros that had Seize me in there last fire  
now return with a double vileness - But in the  
midst of all this Confusion I thought I boldly  
determin to keep possession of my own house  
and wait the Impending blow with as much fortitude  
as was in my power - Looking back on my former  
Conduct in life - and my own heart Justifying me  
with this truth - I have Ever done to others as  
I wish they may do unto me - this thought  
Comforted me - and I heard it was a french fleet  
with out such vissible Emotions as I had shown  
they all came to Anchor in the old Place down  
the neck - it was very soon discovered they  
was in a shattered Condition lost there for many



and one ship left than when they went out  
the boats was continually flying from every shore  
round - all was in some agitation that we were not  
destiny approaching very fast - our apprehensions  
terrifying us - and the ten thousand lies which we heard  
render us incapable to stand the shock - worn out  
with the fatigues of this dreadful day - but dared  
not take any rest for fear we should be caught  
sleep - never did I so dread the night and yet  
grieve to see the morning light - but as soon  
as could see the neck I was determined to be on  
the house -

### Friday morning

my great Astonishment up on the house and no  
ships to be found - where they could be gone was  
a matter of wonder soon very soon was reported  
through the town they had quitted various  
conjectures - the wise ones stood Astonished - the  
people on the Island still at work - Every thing  
wore the face of some perplexities - the poor laden  
wore out with constant duty - and the great and



mighty men Just ready to sink under the burden  
but this news gave a new face Every thing now  
A different aspect - not let me tell you  
were they afraid of a french man - but that  
fleet of ships they now they must surrender  
the day past on with swift rest and at night  
I was force to call to my Assistance my poor  
scattered reason and Endeavour to compose my  
to sleep - - - Saturday morning 22

all in peace and quietness in the Town -  
the first news the Provincial had moved there  
Encampment Carry of all there Artillery Stores  
Provision and gone to the lower part of the Island  
to secure there retreat - General Blyss  
gave orders for the 43 - and 22 <sup>and the horizon</sup> regiments  
to Pursue them by day light - in a few hours  
a heavy firing was heard he then gave  
orders for ~~fanings~~ regiments to go to there  
Assistance - an 2 hours after gave orders for  
the 38 - to march directly - - and for ~~fanings~~  
to return with in the Lyons - and at 11 o'clock



~~My~~  
Sent a light horse man to call the 38 Back,  
by this time all was horror and confusion  
the Hessians overlook a Party in the west  
road near Mr Redwood farm they pursued  
with violence the other retreated with Prudence  
Leaving the roads strewn with dead Bodies  
the East road was a scene of blood and  
slaughter from ~~the~~ Albany down the foot  
of Quaker hill - all the Cross roads  
fill with them and they kept a smart fire  
till 2 Clock - and then they began to bury  
the dead and bring in the Wounded - oh how  
many wretched family were made that day  
it would have softened the most Callous heart  
to see Cart loads of wretched men brought  
in there wives screaming at the foot of the  
cart in concert with their groans - fine young  
~~men~~ with their arms taken off in a moment  
in short its too far beyond my description  
the horrors of that day will never be quite  
out of my remembrance - I quitted company  
and hid my self to mourn in silence for the  
wickedness of my Country



never was a heart more differently Agitated  
than mine - Son of my good friends in the front  
of the battle <sup>here</sup> and heaven only knew how many  
of the other Side - instead of Enquiring news for  
or asking after a soul a stupidity took hold of me  
I shut my self from the family - to ~~for~~ <sup>at last</sup> heaven  
to protect you and keep you from Imprisonment and  
Every Dejected look and Every melancholly Countenance  
I trembled for fear they would say - your husband lies  
Amongst the slain - or that he is wounded and distressed  
think you what a life I live - owing to your voice  
of temper - which I knew would lead you into all  
things dangerous

Sunday morning 23

The Provincals Encamp't on windmill hill - little or  
no firing from either Party - more regiments order-  
out - Som thing great Intended if you should not  
Away too soon Constant riding from quaker to  
Every hour Expecting a General battle -  
my whole heart sick with melancholly thoughts  
Every hospittle Crowded with wounded men  
No Chuck no Appearance of any thing  
but horror and distress - The Country People  
all Plunder - in the midst of all the Confusion  
Some were going into Eternity while others were yet



Innocent farmers houses - Death and Destruction was before  
the eyes from every quarter - until the officers heard nothing  
- they directly order guards to every house - whose  
protection was the saving of them - and to do Justice  
the British - there humanity and Penity was beyond all  
reception - to the <sup>wounded</sup> Prisoners - there was an hospital on  
purpose for them Nurses Chosen from amongst the Inhabilitants  
at they might have every Indulgence that their unhappy  
situation needed - Doctors whose goodness Understanding  
and Compassion ought never to be forgotten - and when Ever  
Justice is done at the End of the war - I hope this Instance  
will be in your records - night coming on Every thing is  
supposed will be left for day light

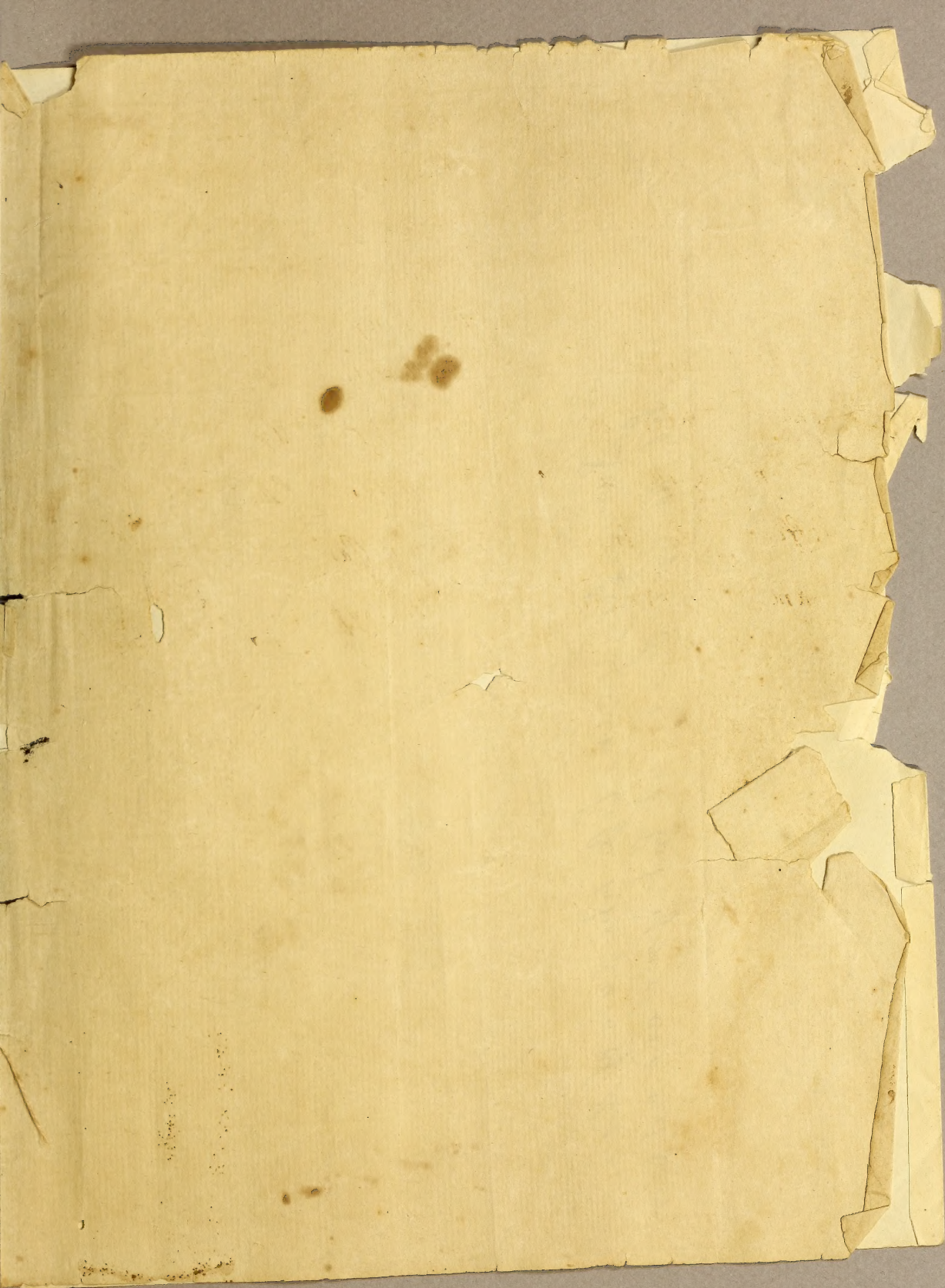
Monday 24

By day light the trampling of horses - the different sounds  
of voices - Brought to her thoughts a poor Creature who  
had scarcely ~~had~~ sleep enough to compose her distracted  
but had brought her self willing to hear the worst  
at seven clock a light horse men with news - they are  
retreated - - quite gone over howland ferry - at 8 clock  
a messenger - they began to decamp early in the Evening  
and before day - there Artillery - baggage Wounded men  
and part of the Army were over - -



At 10 clock Thomas hill came in - and told he saw you  
<sup>Friday</sup> that you desired him to let me know by Day light on  
Monday morning you should be at home at breakfast  
with a number of gentlemen - oh Mr. May what a  
shocking Disappointment to you - Can you keep up your  
spirits - heaven I hope will support you - So possible so  
Assured of success - and remember in all your Difficulty  
and trials of life - that when the all wise disposer - of  
<sup>events</sup> thinks we have been sufficiently tryed - then our Patience  
in waiting - will be amply repaid - by a joyfull  
meeting







Subey for your life take care of this  
let no eyes deceive it but your and not care

John



